'Handling' Lara Croft

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by lefemmerougensfw

Summary

Penelope Stone is furious with Lara. She feels left behind and forgotten when this adventurer scoured the globe, looking for treasures. She, most recently, helped repatriate artifacts to other countries and away from Western museums. Having the infamous red woman steal the Rosetta Stone was the first step. But it's not enough. She plans to do something deeper that will change Lara forever, something to make sure she can have her under her control, hoping it can fulfill her desires...

Notes

Hello everyone! Happy May 20th. I originally considered adding this to the 100 Femslash challenge, but none of the prompts worked here. I secondly thought of adding this to the "Launch the Ship -⚓- Round 4" of the "Launch the Ship" challenge but those works won't be revealed until July 21st, so I eschewed joining that, as I wanted to get this fic out there. There was also the "100 Ships Prompt Challenge", but none of those prompts directly connected to this story. Even so, I will keep them in mind for future stories.

I began this fic on December 20th of last year. I accidentally overrode some of the early A/N, erasing most of I had originally written there and in the end note. That is a danger with doing fics in that manner. Anyway, Penelope Stone is an interesting character. She is a Black character with agency, a Black character who *knows* what she wants and how to get that from Lara. The title of this fic is partially inspired by what Penelope tells Fig at the end of the season 2 finale of Legend of Lara Croft: "Are you ready to listen to someone who actually knows how to handle Lara Croft?" This story differs from the many definitions of the word "handle", on pages 644-645 of my trusty dictionary. That dictionary defines "handle" as manipulating an object; managing, directing, training, controlling, or directing something' dealing with or treating something in a particular way, coming to terms with something psychologically, or responding / submitting to control.

In early May of this year, I decided to post this story, even though I had not finished "Is This What... "Peace" Looks Like?: The Guardians in Dreamville" (I plan to finish it with a fifth chapter). At the time, this fic was 8,128 words long. The final draft was 8,350 words long.

This story markedly diverges from my other Lara Croft fic (listed in the inspirations section) in many ways, particularly when Penelope comes in for the kiss, it goes a much smuttier direction. I wanted to show Penelope as a dominant character, who will do what she wants to achieve her goals, regardless of the issues it causes. Keep in mind that I often use the word

"villainess" to refer to Penelope (as that is what she is), which reduced the number of times I used her name in the work itself. This fic was cross-posted on Adult Fanfiction (under the name "Penelope's Devious Revenge") and Squidge World

As always, comments and constructive criticism are welcome.

See the end of the work for more notes

- Inspired by Sweet Revenge... Served Hot?: Penelope's Anger, Carmen's Bold Theft, Lara's Shock, and Sam's Concern by lefemmerouge
- Inspired by Is This What... "Peace" Looks Like?: The Guardians in Dreamville by lefemmerougensfw
- Inspired by Bet On Black by PrincessJade (Smokeycut)
- Inspired by Happy Wife, Happy Life by GoonetteGoddess
- Inspired by Heroine to Housewife by Chastity
- Inspired by "Take That, Bitches!" Refiguring Lara Croft in Feminist Game Narratives by Esther MacCallum-Stewart [for Game Studies]
- Inspired by Lara Croft and Gaming: Feminism in a Hyper-Masculine Industry by Lydia McInnes [for The Pit Journal]
- Inspired by Female Submission by Kinkly

Penelope Stone often used her feminine wiles, and looks, such as her beautiful and striking brown skin, to get women on her side. However, one woman, in particular, annoyed her to no end: Lara Croft. She had gone to boarding school with her years ago, but this woman had left her behind. She had arranged for the Rosetta Stone to be stolen, in an attempt to discredit her newly-formed Croft Center for History and Culture. She knew exactly where her ex-friend was: she was at a hotel near the British Museum. She had been tracing her. She used her jetpack to get close and waited for the right time to come in.

When she saw Lara smoking out on the balcony, she came so close that she almost blew out the cigarette. She hovered in the air, wearing her custom-built jetpack, her deep, rich brown skin shining under the light. "Oh Lara...I can't believe you'd be such a fucking fool to defend a colonialist, racist institution. I thought you would know better. Maybe you are just like your father after all." She saw her reach for her belt, but nothing was there. She was glad for that. If Lara had a gun, she would have been toast. What the woman said next shook her to the core.

"Who are you? Why are you here?" the woman demanded. Penelope became even more incensed. She wanted to stick it to this damn Brit. How could she not know who she was? What had happened? How had she forgotten? With a straight face, she declared, "I'm Penelope Stone. You know, we went to the same boarding school." With this hint, Lara put it all together. Something clicked. She was shocked. The now-villainess could tell. "*Penny*, is that you?...I thought you were dead or someone murdered you. I searched endlessly for you after we lost touch...but I never found you...I almost lost my mind."

Although her words made Penelope happy, it didn't erase the pain. It didn't quell her anger. In fact, it made her even more infuriated. "Well, *Lara*, my name is Penelope now...and you...are an ex-heiress now of the grand Croft family." She paused for a second, almost sneering at this woman. She really couldn't stand her. "You will get what's coming to you...your little game will come crashing down...I guarantee it...and I'll be the one to make it happen...you can't stop me."

With pain underlying her words, which were filled with betrayal and anger, she almost shouted what she said next. "You are with that *girl* you met at the academy, Sam Nishimura, that award-winning photographer...you are obviously in a romantic relationship with her no matter how much you deny it...why did you choose her...instead of me?" As she saw Lara trying to comprehend what was happening, she never expected that her ex-friend would try to be apologetic. She knew that Lara was terrible at this kind of thing.

"I'm so sorry, Penelope, I didn't mean to hurt you…if I could only go back and do things differently..." Her words were cut off when Penelope snarled. This damn Brit made her so angry. She couldn't stand it. She made herself clear. "You can't go back in time...Jay Gatsby tried to that...and some fucking auto mechanic murdered him in his pool." She paused for a second. "I will make you feel all the pain that I've suffered because of you...you will pay for what you've done."

In another world, she would have given Lara a lightning fast peck on the cheek. In this one, she planned to do something even worse, something that would undo her. She sped in close

and smooched the (ex) tomb raider directly on the mouth. Her face turned bright red. The woman tried to back away and escape. Penelope wouldn't let her. She pulled in the woman's head in closer to her own, so much so that she could feel the other woman's breath coming out of her body. She used her tongue and gave the woman such a deep kiss, holding it for minute after minute. The woman was becoming totally disoriented. When the villainess relented, Lara staggered backward, then forward for a second. This villainess took advantage of this and snatched up her ex-friend. She held her like a princess.

She began snickering. Lara couldn't be even more embarrassed as she stared up at a beautiful woman, and her deep, and rich, brown skin. She felt so out of it. She didn't know if she should give in, or fight back. To make matters worse, she was still injured from the fight with that woman who wore an iconic red trenchcoat. She felt so exhausted. Penelope snatched Lara's phone out of her pocket. She moved her two fingers in a v-symbol near Lara's face, then put her tongue between her two fingers. She snapped a photo, then sent it to a contact named "Sam," saying "I got *your girl*. You need to face the consequences."

She jetted away into the night sky, and over the Thames River. She let go of Lara's phone, which fell out of her hand and splashed into the water below. She couldn't let *anyone* track her or Lara. She then reached a secret plane awaiting her. She hopped on that, then traveled to a secluded chateau within the French Alps. She placed Lara in a bedroom of her own, taking off her clothes, then burning them in an on-site incinerator. She dressed her in a revealing nightie. She was setting the stage for what was to come. It was a meticulous plan. She just had to assemble the pieces to get the result she wanted.

When Lara slowly opened her eyes the next morning, the room felt unfamiliar. She tried to remember what in the world had happened the night before. It seemed a bit hazy to her. She recalled fighting a woman in the British Museum, resulting in her and her good friend Sam getting injured… she the recalled someone kissing her deeply and sensually… it was a person she couldn't remember. As she rubbed her eyes, she wandered around and soon made her way to the big dining room. A woman with striking, and beautiful, brown skin was seated at the table.

She almost giggled. "Oh. You are finally up. Let me pour you some tea." Lara sat down at the table and let this woman do this. It seemed nice and peaceful. No worries of the outside world were there. She reached around and her phone was not present. Her clothes seemed weird too. Something seemed odd. Penelope was willing to explain it all in a way that benefited her. This was part of her plan.

"Lara, please don't worry about your clothes. They were soiled in the fight with that woman with a red trenchcoat...we had to get rid of them... you remember, *right*? The one at the British Museum?" Lara nodded. Something about it rang a bell. It seemed to make sense. "And your phone was broken. She got away and *I* found you there. Your friend Sam was taken to the hospital. I brought you here after the police wanted to charge you and her with theft. Oh how wrong they were. We escaped...my *sweet*, tender Lara."

She scratched her head. It didn't seem to fit together. She couldn't figure it out. She had one more question. "I remember someone smooching me...a really deep kiss...it keeps sticking with me...and I think you were the one who kissed me?" Penelope came close to her, so close

she was breathing in her air. She touched Lara's brown hair. She softly brushed it with her hand, making her feel even more comfortable.

"You are right, Lara. We did touch our lips in such a sensual and deep way...but you were so happy that I saved you...you were so joyful...I'm surprised you remembered it...because you were very tired after such an exhausting day." She hugged a surprised Lara. She'd already planted the seed by making her question her own memories. She would only proceed to go further, during their time together. As they ate a simple meal, they reminisced on their good times together at boarding school, which they could talk about all day, without a worry in the world. Lara didn't mind, nor did Penelope.

She encouraged Lara to explore around the house, saying she should see all the house had to offer. She told her that she'd announced when lunch would be ready. She said something else which set the groundwork for what was coming next. "Why don't we trade off making meals? That's only fair if you are going to stay here." That seemed fair to Lara. It was important to be in a place where you shared household responsibilities, right? If she was going stay there, she'd have to do a part of the housework. That's what mattered. She shook her head. Wasn't she forgetting something else? Something important? She brushed it off. It must have been nothing.

Day 3

It had been easy to adjust to adjust to this new and peaceful life. Every day, she had looked upon a serene landscape with rolling hills covered in snow. She usually would have smoked to calm herself but something about this place made her feel that wasn't necessary. A woman whose skin was a deep sensual, and rich, brown, with a predominantly reddish skin tone, approached her. She wouldn't know, but this woman's melanin also had a bit of green and blue as well. "How you doing today?" she asked.

Lara stretched. Despite the amazing views, she knew how cold it was outside of the chateau. She didn't want to freeze. She wanted curl up near a fire and get warm. She was almost chipper, even as she continued yawning. She'd already had breakfast with this woman earlier that morning. "I'm doing *fine*, Penelope," she said.

The woman stared at her and an idea immediately came to her. She was going to start this process later, but why not do it now? She cooed Lara to agree with her. "It's so frigid out there. Why don't we watch something together?" The ex-tomb raider looked at her strangely. She wasn't sure what her new-friend-of-sorts was even getting at. What was she trying to get her to do? She pushed those thoughts aside. This woman had been so *nice* to her. She had been injured from whatever happened at the British Museum.

"Okay. Like what?" The villainess took her hand and led her into the lush living room. There were brown leather chairs and a massive flat screen TV on the wall. She motioned Lara to sit in one of the chairs, that could be rocked back in forth, which could be more enjoyable than sitting still. She dug around in the TV cabinet like she was searching for something. In reality, she knew exactly what to look for.

She pulled it out. Seasons 1-8 of *The Desperate Lesbian Housewives of Lesbos*. It was a mix of comedy, drama, mystery, and soap opera. Penelope chattered about it, saying that the series had won all sorts of awards, was well-received by critics and viewers. "It's one of the best TV series ever." Lara wasn't sure, as a series like this wasn't really her favorite genre. She liked other kinds of series better, like those with badass women who fought against the system and for their empowerment. She was willing to go along with this for now. What did she have to lose? "Fine. But if I dislike it, then I'm doing something else."

Penelope understood. The show began and Lara was skeptical. She thought it was a bit cheesy, silly, and didn't make sense. However, she could feel herself sympathizing with the characters. The connections between this women went far beyond simple homoerotic tension. It involved real and grounded relationships. This was a series not just for middle-aged lesbians, but for those of any age. Although Lara didn't identify as a lesbian, she knew something for certain: she loved women, romantically and sexually. The characters weren't racist or discriminatory. Instead, some were evil and some were good.

Something happened that Lara had never expected. She became enthralled with the show and its characters. She became obsessed with it. She took sides of certain characters over others, angry with some of them, and cheering on others. She *loved* the fact that the show took place in a world without any men, away from people like that. Perhaps something was changing within her.

As the villainess watched this all unfold through the day, she slipped out several times to use her phone. She texted her associate, who was listed in her phone's contact list as "buff trans lady." She told her that "progress" had been made. The woman texted her back, selling she hoped this was all worth it, telling her they didn't have much time, because a massive search for Lara had begun, led in part by Sam, Zip, Jonah, and her other friends. Penelope brushed it off. "Fig, don't worry, my sweet. No one will find this place. I've been sure to leave no trace." Her friend-not-friend hoped that she was right.

Day 10

Lara had finally healed from all her wounds. She was ready to take on the world again. She had found herself absorbed *The Desperate Lesbian Housewives of Lesbos.* After healthily bingeing the show, involving still eating three meals a day and proper sleep, as the villainess insisted on, she'd finally finished it. She felt she was in a daze. She couldn't get terms like "barbie scissor kicks" out of her mind, nor the loving sex scenes. Those were seared into her memory. Penelope teased her about it.

"You really loved that show, didn't you, *Lara*?" She nodded. With the sunlight streaming in from the outside, she could see this woman’s skin almost radiating, glowing like the sun. It seemed to overflowing with luminosity and warmth. She couldn’t believe she was in a room with this woman.

"I mean, it was different from what I’ve seen before...but it felt so normal...I mean, these women all helped one another and created a community." Penelope probed her a little more.

She wanted to see if the show had changed something within her, or not. As part of her plan, she hoped it had.

"You said it felt 'normal'...how so?" The Brit sighed. She wasn't sure how to say this. But, she decided to say it. She nervously brushed a finger through her hair. "It just seemed *so peaceful, so domestic*. Surely there was conflict, but they always came together and solved it...and no men around to muddle everything." Penelope understood what she was saying. She took the next step. She hoped to lay even more of a foundation of what was to come. "Would you ever like something like that in your life, you know you can trust me. I won't tell anyone else."

Lara didn't know what to tell her. She almost giggled, but stopped herself. She softly, almost under her breath, "well, I guess if the *right woman* came along, then I guess so..." Penelope smiled. She came in and gave the Brit a kiss on the cheek, causing a blush to fill her face. Lara was completely speechless.

To be even more of a tease, Penelope got up, and walked out of the living room, leaving Lara to contemplate everything. Everything kept going through her head. Did she love this woman? She started fantasizing kissing this woman's brown skin, tussling her black hair, stroking her blond highlights, and caressing her metal nose ring. She moved her head from side to side. She shouldn't have those thoughts about the woman hosting her here, *right*? She'd leave eventually. This wasn't permanent, *right*?

Day 16

Six days had passed since Penelope had kissed her on the cheek. She'd teased her every day since, even motioning Lara to touch her lips, covered with dark purple lipstick, and elsewhere. She wanted to make Lara *want* her in more ways than one. Lara was certainly being effected by it. She couldn't get this conniving villainess out of her head. She was totally falling into her web. She didn't mind that at all.

"Oh, my sweet Lara. Do you know about that classic anime series, *Dear Brother*?" Lara shook her head. She wasn't really into that. She never had time to watch a long series when she was traveling across the world. She simply didn't. "No, I haven't." Penelope smiled. She liked introducing people to new things. In this case, however, it was just another part of her long plan. "Let's watch it together!"

She grabbed some snacks from the kitchen and they both walked into the living room together. She pulled out the Blu-ray. What she didn't tell Lara, and didn't plan on telling her, was that this was a recut version to have no straightwashing at the end and it was even more gay as a result. It showed one of the protagonists living in the end, when, in the original, she *died* by accident. As they sat next to one another, she leaned against Lara, and slowly put her hand on Lara's leg, almost causing her a fright. "This is what friends do. They hang out like this." The Brit was willing to accept that explanation.

Like the series before, she became enveloped with the story. How could she not? It was a classic anime after all. At a certain point, Penelope paused the Blu-ray player. "Lara, do you

think like Mariko, about some of the men you've had in your life?" The adventurer scratched her head. She wasn't exactly sure. She didn't think of them in the same harsh words as Mariko. "Well, some, yeah. But, Zip and Jonah were always there for me." The villainess came closer, so that she was right in front of her face. Lara became flushed again. The woman whispered.

"Are you sure about that? Doesn't Jonah have a wife now, a wife named Abby? And Zip is going on trip across the world to discover himself?" Lara never thought of it that way. Perhaps her new friend-of-sorts was right. Maybe she had it all wrong. Maybe she had too much of a rosy picture. "I mean, I guess you have a point...if they *really* cared about me, they would have found me here by now, *right*?" Penelope didn't even attempt to follow up on what she was saying, thinking that she had introduced enough doubt into Lara's mind, for now.

Day 28

It had been twelve days since they'd started watching *Dear Brother* and had since finished it. She'd begun thinking about her male friends in a new light. She was, on a certain level, glad to be there. She could still recover more before she'd go back into the wide world again. She needed a break after everything she'd be through. She *deserved it*. And why not stay in such an amazing place! She still hadn't explored every nook and cranny. She could read all day and have her worries float away. Today was one of the days she was tasked with making dinner. They'd come up with schedule to divide the duties. She put on the apron that Penelope had set aside for her.

It almost seemed antiquated. No one dressed like this, *right*? The apron had butterflies of different colors sprinkled throughout it. She liked it even more than the others hung up on hooks within the kitchen. Before she came to this mansion, she never would have imagined wearing something like this. But, being there, it almost felt *right*, like something she should do. No one was there to judge her. She went ahead and made the roasted vegetables in record time. As those were baking, she read a recipe which claimed to make "the best lemon squares." She whipped it together, following the instructions to the letter.

When the buzzer on the oven dinged, she adjusted the controls and put it to a higher temperature, so she could put the lemon squares on one of the oven racks. The vegetables had to cool a little. After about ten minutes, she carried them out on a nice, stainless steel metal tray, and placed it on the table, which she'd set earlier. They shouldn't be hot. No one's tongue should get burned.

"Thank you, Lara, for putting this together." She smiled at the praise. As she sat down, they both began to dig in. They were so hungry that Lara didn't even attempt to take off her apron. Penelope grinned. "This is so tasty. You are such a *good cook*." The Brit almost blushed. As they ate the food and chattered about everything and what they had done that day, she heard the buzzer again. She knew what it was. She couldn't let them burn. That wouldn't be good.

She used the potholders to pick up the tray, but still burned herself a bit. She'd trained herself to withstand the pain. She came back into the kitchen and distributed the lemon squares to her own plate and that of Penelope. She breathed a sigh of relief. When she looked over, she

saw the woman next to her sensually eating her desert. It almost made her heart race. What was she even thinking about?

"Oh, you want some of *this*?" Penelope teased, her tongue licking across the desert, then swallowing it. She didn't say anything more but Lara felt something. She didn't want to admit it, but a desire had been slowly growing as each day passed. Her sort-of friend interrupted her thoughts. "What you made is so *scrumptious.* Maybe you should cook full-time?" Lara responded sheepishly. "Maybe *I should*."

Day 32

Ever since that day she'd made roasted vegetables and lemon squares, Penelope flirted with her more and more. The teasing had reached absurd levels. She couldn't take much more of it. She couldn't let this go on. She guided the woman to the living room and had a stern look on her face.

"Penelope, *enough* with the flirting...I can't take much more of it...I feel like I'' losing my mind." The black-haired woman smiled. Finally her time had come to move onto the next part of the plan. She was glad that what she had been doing was *working*. She cooed this Brit, who she acted like she loved. In *reality* she detested her. She was putting on a face-of-sorts. "Oh, are you afraid that you gonna miss something?" She playfully put her tongue between her fingers in a v-shape, teasing her.

This time, Lara started to fold. She reached for the woman's chin and pulled her into a kiss. Her tongue pushed past her lips, and her dark purple lipstick. She touched her teeth, as her tongue went between them. She moved her hands to her hips, pushing her against the wall, her black hair a mess. She suddenly broke off her kiss and stepped back, with a little spittle connecting their mouths. Lara was breathing heavily, unsure what she had done. "Oh how bold, *my* sweet Lara," Penelope began. She then added, "Why don't we continue this in your bedroom?" Against her better judgment, the Brit agreed.

She followed her inside. Since they were the only ones in the house, they didn't need to close doors or anything. This time, Penelope took the initiative. She began kissing across Lara's body, including her neck, her collarbone, and elsewhere, while slowly undressing her. She'd soon managed to push her dress to around her waist, exposing her uncovered pale skinned body. She could see the strong muscles and the physical prowess of Lara. It impressed her. The fact she was with this woman was a near miracle.

She soon pulled down the woman's lacy green panties and her dress to the ground. The Brit's face became flushed as her entire body was now exposed. "Don't look too closely," she said. Penelope pushed her down on the bed and moved the woman's legs apart, beginning by kissing her thighs, then moving closer and closer to her alter of desire. As the Brit started to moan, she shivered in anticipation.

Penelope teased her tongue on the outer, then inner, parts of the woman's throbbing tunnel of love. She cooed, "don't worry. I'm gonna raid, *your* tomb, and raid it good, *Lara*." She shoved her tongue inside, licking the sides intensely, as the woman's breaths increased as moans

ripped through her body. She was in utter ecstasy. She'd never felt like this before. The sensations overtook her.

"Harder, my sweet darling," she said, for reasons she couldn't explain. She then had a demand. "Fuck your loving *wifey* harder." Penelope did what she asked, not only by being more aggressive with using her tongue but by massaging Lara's breasts, with her tits bouncing around. She wanted more of this.

"Wifey? Well, that can be *arranged*," she said, smirking. Lara blushed through her continued moaning, somehow getting the words out. "It's just an uh… sexy fantasy I've been having recently…" As her tits were groped, bouncy and soft at the same time, she could barely hold it in much longer. Penelope knew exactly what she would do. This was the perfect moment to strike.

"I won't let you climax until you agree to only be *for me*, not for *anyone* else." Lara knew that if she let this woman win, it would change everything. She could never look at her the same. Her resistance soon crumbled into nothing. She shouted out, "fine! I'll marry you!" She couldn't take those words back. She almost regretted saying them. Maybe she'd be good for her. Maybe it would all work out.

"How forward, to *propose marriage*...well...well..well...you can release now."

She did so. Her sweet love juices spurted out and onto Penelope's face. She'd done it now. She felt so embarrassed. It almost glistened on her face. The woman laughed. "Well, you'll have to lick it off...it's only fair." Lara complied. She proceeded to lick every part of the woman's face that she had sullied with her liquids of desire. There was no doubt that something had changed that day, not just for Lara, but for the villainess, with the latter internally cheering that her plan was working.

Day 39

It had been seven days since she'd agreed to marry Penelope after she had shagged her. She felt like she might have made a mistake and that her judgment was off. She suspected that something else was going on. Since then, she felt a weight in her chest. It wasn't there before. It had only gotten worse as the days had gone on. At first she thought she was imagining it. Now, she knew she wasn't.

She touched her chest. Something was different: her breasts had enlarged! She didn't know how, or why, but she guessed that someone had done this to her. It couldn't be Penelope, right? She heard a voice inside her head, tell her: *your wife only wants what's best for you. Listen to her. You don't have to take on all the burdens. You can let her help you out. You can let her be strong for you.* She didn't have a chance to comprehend what this 'voice' was saying before it faded away, sinking into her subconscious. She brushed it off as nothing and got ready for the day.

She was tasked with vacuuming the living room. Each one of them had their own days set aside for housework. She appreciated this equal division of work. She felt that it was her duty

to help clean, if she was going to stay there. To make sure her friends might find her, it would make sense to stay in one spot, right?

As she started up the vacuum, she hummed, and went about her work. There wasn't that much to clean. This work was much easier than anything else she'd done, whether crawling through caves, or chasing down villains. This felt so much calmer and so much more peaceful. She liked that.

Just then, Penelope walked into the room. Her deep and rich brown skin shined in the outside light. She was wearing revealing clothing, almost daring Lara to look at it. While Lara tried to stop herself, she couldn't resist. She almost crashed the vacuum into one of the precious vases before she stopped herself. The woman shook her finger. "Tsk, tsk, tsk. You don't want to be a *bad girl*, do you?"

Lara shook her head. Next she knew, Penelope playfully slapped her on the ass, making her feel a mixture of pain and pleasure. She didn't know why, but something about this felt good. Lara stared at her and looked almost apologetic. "I'm sorry P. I want to be a *good girl*. I was just distracted. What can I do to make up for this?" The villainess smiled. She could tell this was getting to her. She could tell this woman anything. "Why don't you be a *good wifey* and finish cleaning this room, then start on the other rooms before making lunch?" She grinned. Lara could only say in response, "Of course I will!"

The villainess smirked. She had this woman where she wanted her. She wanted to give her something to motivate her. "If you do a good job, I'll give you a reward. Otherwise, a punishment. You don't want that, do you?" Lara moved her head side to side. Penelope walked out of the room. Out of view, she typed furiously on her phone. "The project is moving along smoothly. I am proceeding to the next phase." She received a text back in response. "Affirmative. I knew I could trust you to *handle* this problem."

As Lara continued her chores, all she could think about was spending time with such a beautiful woman. She didn't have to think about anything else. Life had become so much easier. Later that day, after they ate lunch together, Penelope guided her to her room. She didn't want to deceive Lara. Instead, she'd say things in a *certain way*, in order to make sure she got what she wanted.

"You are so gorgeous, Lara Croft. I can't imagine that you'll be Mrs. Penelope Stone soon." Lara didn't know what to tell her. She blushed at the praise. Penelope walked up to this ex-adventurer and groped her new, and bigger, tits. "Oh my, aren't they amazing? I'm glad I did this." Lara looked at her funny. She wasn't sure what she meant. The villainess laughed. She shook her head. "Don't tell me you didn't remember? *You agreed* to have your breasts enlarged. You said *you* wanted a change." Lara wasn't sure that happened at all. As the woman increased her messaging of her breasts, she started to moan.

She couldn’t think straight. "Your body is *so much better* now. It fits *my* tastes better. Don't you want to please your wife? It will make other girls jealous of you, of what I have." Any thoughts to the contrary were pushed out of her mind. She couldn’t disagree that having this woman support her, mattered. Doing some cooking, cleaning, and other chores were the least she could do, right?

"Yes, I do," she said, without thinking about it for a second. Penelope then pulled off her top, exposing her bare skin, and did the same for Lara. She moved her hands around Lara's exposed chest and asked that the Brit do the same with her. She couldn't believe she was with such a woman and found herself lost in a world of pleasure. Her mind was occupied by the image of this beautiful wife in front of her. She couldn't think of anything else. She moaned as her sweet fluids came out of her special place, climaxing and savoring the touch. The villainess did the same.

They both laid there together, next to one another, trying to catch their breath. The woman turned to Lara. She didn't want her to be damaged in anyway. "Are you okay, my sweet?" Lara nodded. There was no problem. She spurted out her words. "I feel wonderful...I have so much cleaning I *need* to finish." Penelope shook her finger, but also wanted to reassure her. She didn't want her to get tired or anything like that. She needed her in good shape for the plan.

"That's a *good girl.* Take care of yourself, you know." Lara nodded. "Of course I will. Don't worry about it. I'll do anything for you," she replied with a sense of obedience. This exertion of sexual energy had tired her out. She began to fall asleep. Once she had entered a deep slumber, Penelope went to her dresser and opened a certain box. It had syringes and vials. On the side of each were the words "muscle reducer."

She came back over to Lara and inserted one syringe in her arm. It did not work immediately, but took several days to take effect. If she continued this procedure, she could continue with her plan. Lara was none the wiser, having already fallen into the lull of submitting to her, and feeling she was safe.

Day 45

Lara could tell something about her body had changed. First it was her breasts and now it was her muscle tone. She seemed to have less of it than she had before. As doubts started to raise in her mind, she found them crushed by Penelope. Something about this woman drew her in. Was it her black hair with its blonde highlights? Her metal nose ring going through both nostrils? Her dark purple lipstick? Or her skin which had a dark creamy color with red undertones? Maybe it was all three.

Despite that, she approached the sweet villainess, wanting to know the answers. "I feel like my body keeps changing. First my boobs got bigger and now my arms are less beefy. Do you know who..." she started to ask, with her question broken off with a deep kiss. She was in a daze again. What was she asking about? Her mind seemed a bit fuzzy. If to squash any possible questions, Penelope said, "You've improved since you first came here. You look *so lovely* now, my sweet Lara. Don't you like to not have all those muscles? You don't have to be strong all the time, honey."

Not expecting such praise, her face became flushed. She twirled her fingers in her hair. She felt so embarrassed. "Do you really think so?" Penelope nodded. She picked up Lara and easily swept her off her feet. On the way to her bedroom, she could feel this woman touching her special place. She was excited to be even more intimate with her. She started to climax.

The sensation only got stronger when the villainess threw her on the bed and took her clothes off. They locked their legs together.

As their chests became sweatier, Lara felt her love tunnel get wetter and wetter. She moaned as their legs rubbed together and she breathed heavily. She suddenly felt the warm love juices spurting onto her breasts, using her strength to rub these fluids into her skin. Her breathing started to go back normal, as her sexual excitement started to decline. She was surprised by what Penelope said to her.

"12 days ago you proposed to me. Why don't we make it *official?* We can actually be wives, together? What do you think, Lara?" Part of her felt she should say no. She could leave and get a career, even in something stereotypically seen as feminine. Another part of her agreed. She could keep the house spic and span. Some people were hostile to queerness and were bigoted. Penelope was different.

Lara had to admit something that was painfully obvious at this point. She was deeply in love with this woman. She didn't question her judgment. This woman had been *so good* to her. She blurted out her response: "YES! Let's get married! I'm *so excited* to be Mrs. Penelope Stone! I can be in your care." Penelope hugged her. She smiled. "Thanks, Lara." She reached around in her pocket and opened a small box. It was a golden ring with beautiful aquamarine stone, representing harmony and tranquility, connecting her, as gemologists said, with the peaceful energy of the sea and symbolizing harmony within their marriage. She squealed happily and hugged the villainess.

"This so amazing, P, my wonderful *wifey*," a term she finally said, with meaning, for the first time. Something was changing within her yet again. This time she didn't mind. She soon began to peacefully rest on the bed. Penelope didn't tell her that she could have her muscle tone back if she wanted. She declined to tell her that. She didn't want to give her any ideas.

She pulled out her phone and typed a few words, sending a message to her contact: "Moving onto the next phase. The subject will be married. The wedding is on."

Day 60

The planning for the wedding continued. Lara and Penelope were married, on paper, in the house by a local priest. He wished the couple good luck. Now, officially, Lara was "Mrs. Penelope Stone." This was all part of the plan, to literally subsume her identity within that of the villainess. Since all this time had passed, Lara's friends had continued looking for her. Zip found a wedding advertisement for both women, just as the villainess had planned. He told the others. He suggested they all go. Perhaps she'd have some information on Lara's whereabouts. They all agreed. Maybe this would be the break they were looking for. Sam had cried for days and hoped for *nothing better* than to find Lara again. She was unaware of the truth. None of them knew. None of them would have ever guessed.

Each day passed like the one before it. There was more cleaning and more cooking. It was the least she could do for *her wife*, right? It almost made her prideful to say that. She'd received a kiss on the cheek. "You look so cute in that apron. Oh my! There's nothing like it." Lara was

eager to please her. A smile went across her face. In the past, she would have never worn a cute dress with fish patterns like this, but now she liked it. She brought out a trey of fresh oatmeal raisin cookies. What a nice feeling to do this for her wife.

She blushed. "Thanks P. I can't be happier. I'm *so glad* to call this place my home. I'm so glad I met you. My life has gotten *so much better*. I can't even think of going back." Penelope was surprised to hear this, as she'd never expected Lara to say this so directly. She grinned. Everything was going much better than who she had hoped. There was one last step to complete her plan.

Day 93

Lara had now regained her muscle tone, with the agreement of Penelope, who didn't want to deny that part of her anymore. She realized that Lara needed it to complete her duties. However, she now was much more hypersexualized, more busty, more provocative, and more of a sex symbol. This wasn't for the gaze of *men* however, but for the gaze of women, particularly the gaze of the villainess.

As for Lara, she saw cleaning and cooking as her duty as a wife. It wasn't a chore or something dull. She even took pride in it. Unlike before, the household chores were totally lopsided with the villainess doing almost nothing, while Lara did just about everything. Such inequality could engender resentment among women, and with reason. For Lara, however, Penelope ensured that this would never happen.

Day in and day out, she sexually excited her. That day, when she was in the kitchen, she was humming to herself, making a fresh batch of chocolate chip cookies. She had concentrated on it so much it that she did not notice Penelope entering. The woman came behind her, slapping her in the ass. This surprised her but also made her hormones flair. She turned around and found this woman standing in front of her.

After being with this woman, for all this time, she had many thoughts about her. At first she thought her skin was mahogany, then considered it was umber, tawny, ochre, sepia, teak, burnished, or even bronze. Penelope told her that the exact name for her skin color didn't matter. As she put it, all shades of brown skin were beautiful, including her own. Lara had been so enamored that she came to respect her, despite the fact that the villainess had a master plan of her own.

"What is that smell? It's so wonderful, Lara," the woman said. The Brit, surprised to see her, didn't know how to respond. She had thought she was somewhere else in the mansion. She wanted to bring these cookies to her, right? She didn't have another second to think about it, as her wife's actions interrupted it. She pulled up her skirt and began feeling around. Lara almost yelped.

“Now, now, a wife needs to give *access* to her own body, so she can *satisfy* her wife, right? You want to be a good girl, don't you?" Without a second thought, Lara replied. "Yes. Anything for you." Penelope smiled. She pulled off Lara's underwear and stuck her head underneath. She began sucking hard, causing moans of pleasure across the Brit's body. This

continued minute after minute, as love juices went down her legs. Just when she felt she was about to release, the buzzer dinged off.

Penelope stopped. "You have to make sure those cookies don't burn, wifey." Lara looked at her with pleading eyes, but the villainess would not give in. She resigned to the fact that she'd be on edge, at least for now. She agreed to the request and took the cookies out. As she had been instructed some hours earlier, she brought them to the study. Her now-more-than-a-friend followed her there.

After putting the plate down, she waited in anticipation. She couldn't hold it anymore. "Please, let me release!" Penelope had her where she wanted her. She almost had an evil smile. "I'll let you, but you have to do something *for me*." Lara nodded. She couldn't back out of this. "You cannot not tell anyone, but *me*, your name. You can't tell anyone your first and last name before you met me."

Lara wasn't sure. She felt compelled to agree. She wanted the euphoria from the release, the endorphins within her to flow. She needed it. "Okay, I'll do it. But why?" Penelope explained it simply. She knew what to tell her. "I want you for myself. I don't want anyone to *steal you*." Seconds after she said that, the villainess went back to her wife's special place, sucking again, until her warm love juices squirted across her wife's face. She felt a sense of relief. She wasn't exactly sure what she had agreed to, but her assent set in motion a series of events which would further change her life.

Day 125

The day had finally come, the day of the wedding. It was held at an elaborate mansion that they had rented out just for this occasion. There was a massive crowd there, thanks to the villainess's crime connections. There were many other guests. Lara herself had left all the inviting up to her wife. She trusted her with that for better or for worse. As she walked down the majestic staircase, wearing a revealing purple dress, she met Penelope at the bottom, who was wearing a pressed blue suit, with matching pants and tie.

The priest, the same one who had come to their house all those days ago, held their hands. They had asked him to return, so this could be a big public event. "Do you, Miss Penelope Stone take this young woman as your lawfully wedded wife?" She nodded and remarked, "I do." He then turned to Lara, "do you take Miss Penelope Stone as your lawfully wedded wife?" She nodded as well, adding, "I do." He then held their hands and said, "you may now kiss." As they did so, the crowd cheered, unaware of the circumstances which led to this joyous occasion. If they knew, their reaction might have been different.

After the priest departed, Lara and Penelope talked to the assembled guests. "Thank you all for coming. Please enjoy the festivities." As they went around and spoke to the guests, three people were there which Lara *usually* would have recognized: her childhood friend Sam, her friend Zip, and her friend Jonah. She chatted with them. They looked at her with surprise. At one point, Sam remarked, "I feel like I know you from *somewhere*…" Lara shook her head and laughed. This woman must be wrong. She couldn't be right. That wouldn't make sense. It would go against everything what the villainss had told her.

"I'm sorry miss, but you *must be mistaken*," Lara said in a sweet manner. Zip and Jonah turned toward her, looking deep into her eyes, and her figure. They moved their heads from side to side. Taking their cues, Sam bowed. "I'm sorry. I must have confused you with someone I used to know. Congratulations on your marriage." Lara grinned. She bowed toward them, complete with a curtsy. "Thank you so much. I am overjoyed to be Mrs. Penelope Stone. Have a great rest of your night." After talking to other party guests, they were about to leave.

Just then, someone grabbed Zip, then Jonah and Sam. They were thrown into a room by a mysterious assailant. Seconds later, they opened their eyes in hopes of figuring out what was going on. It was too late. They were tied to chairs and something was put in front of their eyes. Their eyes started to swirl. A woman whose face was obscured, said "you will forget the name Lara Croft. You will forget the name Penelope Stone. With the snap of my fingers, I will release you from this trance." She led them outside the mansion, to an awaiting helicopter, then snapped her fingers. She waved to them as the helicopter took off.

Even if Zip, Jonah, or Sam had recognized Lara, the villainess had gone to great efforts to ensure that they would never have realized that they *knew* her wife. She had changed Lara's hair style and put green contacts in her eyes, on top of changing her physique since she'd entered the mansion. This manipulation was just commonplace for Penelope. It was part of what she'd done since the beginning.

Day 197

It had been 72 days since their wedding. Everything had been going well, from Penelope's perspective. Lara had been doing the chores and everything else. She seemed to derive sexual pleasure from being passive, whether in bed, or being smacked on the ass when cooking. That day, Lara followed her wife to bed. With the villainess undoing her shirt, after she told Lara to strip naked, except for her pink underwear, she told Lara to close her eyes. Lara obeyed. They soon began intensely kissing one another, their tongues interlacing.

She soon pushed down Lara onto the bed and began teasing her tits with her tongue, leading to moans of pleasure, with cries of "aaa-ah!" from Lara, with a blush spreading across her face. This only increased when Penelope teased her special place, through the underwear, with her fingers, leading to even deeper moans. the villainess teased, "it's so great to have my wife enjoying this. Remember that your pleasure is my pleasure." She then took off the underwear and began sucking between her legs.

Once again, Penelope teased, "oh my and for me! It's such a sloppy mess down there. You want more, right?" Lara could do no more than nod, with the villainess now putting one finger inside, deep inside, joined by another. White liquid started coming out. They kissed once more. Lara began moaning, then exclaimed, "it feels so great! I'm CUMMING!" Her sweet juices spurted out and she felt relief. In an effort to keep her under control, she had another command.

"I can't let you have all the fun...you have to pleasure your wifey…" Lara complied. She took off her wife's pants and started teasing her place of desire with her two thumbs, just as

Penelope had taught her. She then removed her hand and moved her head in, beginning to suck and hard. While she tried to hold it in, as Lara became more and more aggressive. She couldn't stop the moans from ripping through her body, as her juices started streaming down her legs. Her hips began trembling and her body was shaking.

She shouted out, without any prompting, "I LOVE you Lara Croft! I'm so glad you are my wife." Lara only nodded as Penelope's cum splashed onto her face. At that moment, she came to the realization: she *loved* Lara, as much as she had wanted to deny it. This had all been a plan to turn Lara into a submissive, domestic housewife, but she didn't expect that she would catch feelings.

She almost felt ashamed, until Lara added, "I love you too, P. Thanks for saving me." While what she was saying was influenced by Penelope's gaslighting, she almost felt she should tell her the truth and stop misleading her. Perhaps it wasn't too late… perhaps she could fix this. Those thoughts started to come to her. She would have dismissed those misgivings all those days ago.

What happened next would be up to her, and to Lara, as they continued their life together…

End Notes

This story is slightly inspired by various fics. I had originally written a lot more in the end note, but it was sadly overridden by accident. I can say that this story was inspired by postings on Tumblr about lesbian housewives, the series Desperate Housewives, and other assorted postings about Penelope Stone on Tumblr, and elsewhere. Additionally, it takes inspiration from some chapters of Chastity's Heroine to Housewife (it is part of a series with the same name) but that is an M/F fic, so it isn't a total inspiration. Otherwise, I pulled from, in some ways, a post by jaethebookworm on Instagram, here saying: "There has been a lot of discourse surrounding Elsie Silver using the term "dirty" to describe tan skin. Regardless of whether she was referring to someone white with a tan or a person of color, using the word "dirty" in reference to brown and darker skin is absolutely unacceptable. Please remember to do your research when writing bipoc characters!" while adding "PSA: Guys food terms are OK to use within measure, but the overuse of them indicates the sexualization and fetishization of black and brown people. If you are part of this community and you are OK with these terms that is great, but this post is a guide for authors. Authors have to be vigilant when it comes to how they're describing brown skin. So I provided the most respectful way to do it." Sadly, none of her descriptions helped for this fic, but hrt post certainly helped. Otherwise, the second chapter of PrncessJade (Smokeycut)'s "Bet On Black" was an inspiration. Since the entire fic was not an inspiration, and only that chapter, I am not adding it to the inspirations section.

Apart from that, some of the scenes at the end of this fic are based on chapters 12.5, 16, and 18 of "For Each Retweet, Two Straight Girls Who Don't Get Along Will Kiss for One Second" by Fukuroumori, which I read on Dynasty Reader. I had originally planned to possibly create sections for "Day 294," "Day 320," "Day 453," and "Day 883," but I decided against it, because it seemed like a good place to stop the fic after over 8,000 words had been written. I also decided to not use the erotic lactation and impregnation tags for this fic either.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!